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## Lizard's Song

Hey hey,

be careful

my dear

watch your step

when I'm near

I'm a string

tightly strung,

when you're here

I might spring

pick up pace,

and then swing

when I sting,

I might stun

but relax,

do not run

hold your face

to the sun,

don't you know

we will both

come undone,

both be going

and gone,

in the flickering,

sweet.

flip of a tongue.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Lustverket med Poeter.se id #185396 innehar upphovsrätten